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ART AND THE MAN IN THE STREET*

BY LLOYD WARREN

Past President, Society of Beaux Arts Architects; Director,
Beaux Arts Institute of Design

I SUPPOSE that we all have our own conception of the Man in the Street; a vague anonymous idea of that mass of congregated humanity which produces what we call "public opinion," docile, and obeying in a drove to the harangue of the demagogue, or unexpectedly conducted by an intelligence almost human, insisting on common sense in public affairs, and saving the country from faddists and pedants in troublous times. We look on him rather patronizingly as the work-a-day man, busy about the sordid things of every-day life, hanging uncomplainingly from a strap in the street car, everlastingly reading the newspapers about the things done by *others* which are worth while, himself suffering complacently, contentedly and leaving no foot-prints on the sands of time; at best making ungainly marks in suburban mud soon obliterated, thank Heaven, by the next rainfall.

But to me, the Man in the Street is far more than all of this. He reminds me of one of those thousand limbed divinities of the East holding in each of his hands the symbol of an attribute. The symbols he holds are those of the soul and of the mind, and only as he holds these do I recognize him as he passes by, for these are the symbols of the divinity in our creation, and many may walk the highway, but not all are men. Physicians and lawyers are they; artists, financiers and mechanics;

builders all, and forgers of the chain which binds us into a nation.

The reason that we look rather patronizingly on this monster is that he is not a specialist; he is not even a very good all around man, his many limbs seem to interfere with each other, making him awkward in his gestures and the multiplicity of his attributes confuses his judgment. Two years ago did he not declare that he was perfectly satisfied to keep out of the war, but today, for reasons he might have known all along, he plunges into it as though he had always intended to do so. And in matters of aesthetics does he not cheerfully pay taxes for the beautification of his cities and at the same time does he not listlessly suffer the most obnoxious nuisances to be created everywhere?

In short, should I suggest to any one of you here that you are a Man in the Street, you would at least deprecate the charge. Without being a prig you would feel that you were really on a bit higher plane.

Nor are you the Man in the Street, but you are one of his arms. Apart as you may think yourselves to be, retired from the noisy throng, in your studio or your laboratory, none the less you are one of those symbol bearing arms, ministering to the central body and brain which in turn gives you the moral strength which is

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found in opportunity and promised reward. The health of this central body, then, is of paramount importance to us, and to preserve that health each arm must do its utmost to foster its strength and not to waste it in idle gestures or in the tilling of foreign fields.

Men, real men, become vastly skilled and eminent—not recondite and esoteric—in their various vocations; become well developed arms of the communal monster handling well the symbol of their art, but for their necessities, their recreations and the gratification of their tastes they resort to the common brain, where all these specializations of the myriad different limbs are diffused and diluted into a common standard of desire and appreciations.

The symbols which we carry, who meet here tonight, are the T-square, the brush and the chisel, and we perhaps of all the conjoined arms, are those who look most patronizingly on our parent. With our neighbor, the poet, we tread Parnassian heights whither the profane never mount, so we fancy; though occasionally we find some mere amateur, a Perrault, the doctor-architect, or a Whistler, the West Pointer-painter, invading to our utter astonishment our sacred hill! To our eyes only will Nature reveal her secrets; we have fixed alas, that it should be so—the rainbow on our canvas; and the gaudy wings of the butterfly and the evanescent beauty of the rose are the mere vehicles of our expression! What pinnacles we wish aspire to the clouds, and, like the god who turned to stone Odysseus' galley returning to the Phaeacian shore, we halt the athlete as he casts the disc and even the slaves of Eros in the transport of love! Are we not nearly divine? Shall we be longer bound to a mere body on which our head is fixed?

And so with impatience we deride the Man in the Street! Let him have what he will of collotypes and Christmas cards, of Queen Anne cottages and Rogers groups, but let him leave us in peace to execute our dreams!

We, however, are not the only arms which despite the others; we are well repaid by them for our priggery and disdain. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Have we a law-suit to plead in which we claim the simplest form

of justice, then the symbol of the wig and gown reviles us on the witness stand, and the interminable delays of the law debar us from the common rights of man. Have we an ache or a pain, the serpent of Hippocrates threatens us with such analyses and X-rays that we try every old wife's nostrum that we know, rather than submit to his spectacled wisdom! We did not ask eternal life from him, the gift of Tithonus, we wanted but quick relief from a passing ill; the former he insists on searching for at our expense, while the latter interests him not at all!

Now, have they a duty toward us, these fellows of ours? Or rather what is it that we ask of them when we leave the sanctity of our retreat? There are occasions of great stress, of course, when we ask of them extraordinary things and we put ourselves blindly into their hands to suffer the uttermost subtleties of their art. But these occasions are very, very rare, and when they do happen we are usually too far gone to be "in the street" at all! In ordinary times, apart from our life's vocation, we are ordinary people, and we desire above all excellence in usual things. We must have these usual things, why then should they be so desperately bad when a little good will and sympathetic action on the part of their executants will make them right? Courts of law have been for centuries the butt of the satirist, and medicine and charity have gone hand in hand. And all this because the usual utility is subordinated to the precious, and the simple is sacrificed to the abstruse. There is no doubt that, however cryptic we may be in our own specialty, we desire very simple and evident merit in whatever lies outside of it.

Now the Man in the Street looks on the artist as a being apart, a man sincere and convinced it is true, but living in the clouds, and, it must be conceded, somewhat decorated with peacock's plumes. This is the attitude the artist has taken; he is apt to look down on the rest of humanity grovelling in sordid lucre, and in other forms of material enjoyment, and to claim for himself exemption from participation in the *usual* things of life. With some pride he disclaims all knowledge of money matters, but bitterly complains

and suffers when he thinks he is overreached; he disdains the exercises of the body, but slinks away self-consciously before the pride of health and strength. And withal he derides the Man in the Street and scoffs at what he calls his Philistinism, and in the inner sanctuary he delights to baffle him and to compose esoteric things for commentators to explain to a puzzled public, eager for a peep behind the veil!

Put in this way, it might appear that I would wish to disparage the deep research of the true artist, the attempt to open new realms of vision and of inspiration which are necessarily closed to the understanding of those treading the oft-trodden paths. This is far from my mind. I am not pleading the cause of the commonplace man, but of one who, too, has his inner thoughts yet must wander at times like the rest of us on those pavements which receive no prints. I am not preaching the popularization of science and of art, I am not asking for Ford motor cars and Arundel Society prints; not the joy-ride nor the camouflage of vulgarity; I am asking for a language which the man who runs may read.

For with us it so happens that the man runs when he gets into the street; never parted from his symbol, but with it tightly grasped he threads his hurried way, eager to assimilate the impressions he may gather, craving to enjoy the wares in the passing windows and to understand the chants sounding in the way-side fanes.

Tacitus quotes in his "Annals" a diatribe against the luxuries and precosities of the Augustan age asking, "Will the judge decide with greater ability, because he affects to have a taste, and to pronounce on music?" He might have asked too, "Will the artist rise to loftier heights because he can solve the riddles of the courts of law?" Why should we expect the magistrate to understand the artistic subtleties, when we do not blame ourselves for not understanding his? We do not want to understand them, we want common justice—usually. When we have fallen into his hands it is when we have left our studio; we have wandered into the street—and there we have found trouble! And so with him; when he has left his court he has immediately become a Man in

the Street and shares his desire to see something pleasant in form and in color. But no, we will not give it him. What is a good letter-box, a well proportioned lamp-post, a chair or a table to us? If he would have our services he must enter our temple and worship there a god utterly beyond his ken.

We are all in the same case after all. In our own workshops we must study the abstruse problems of our trades, we must find new solutions, if ever anything is new, we must make ourselves ready to perform the miracles which surely we shall be called on some day to produce. For in the hours of seclusion *we* must execute those works of exquisite sensibility, and *others* must solve these problems where rare mental penetration is required or discover the most intricate paths of nature; all these things are as precious as a chryselephantine statue of Phidias. But none of us must forget our obligation to the Man in the Street.

Now, what does he ask of our own symbol? What must he get from it, if we are to claim from one simple honesty, and from another respite from pain and from others the solutions of our daily needs?

The French have a proverb: "*Ne cherchez pas midi a quatorze heures*;" which is a warning not to seek complications when we have a simple problem before us. And after all our problem is simple enough. It is only to do our part in making every-day life a pleasanter life for the Man in the Street to lead, in short to apply our talents and our taste to every-day things.

Taste; let that be your shibboleth, and in your study of art may you surely achieve this one thing, even if you have to forego the tricks of the virtuoso and neglect all the new -isms of Montmartre or Greenwich Village. Let your study of art lead, above all else, to a sureness of taste and a facility in its application which will be reflected in all our surroundings, so that the sun will shine on warmer tints and shadows envelope more subtle forms and the utensils of our daily lives be pleasanter than they are. Above all, find your taste, recognize it, know it, educate it. It is a very sensitive thing, this taste which some of you have; it is not a thing drilled into you, imparted by another; it is not good or bad; it exists in you or it is absent: it agrees with

that of others or it does not; it may be chaste or baroque, flamboyant or subdued, but it must be sacred to each man, and never taken in vain. And when you are sure of this great gift, and your sensibilities understand every tremor of its registering needle, delicate as that of the seismograph, with the skill you have obtained in study, execute its promptings in every field.

Tonight I speak in a school of art; architecture, painting and sculpture are here the presiding geniuses. The science of construction, the analysis of color, the translation of form. But these are not limited in their media of expression to steel and to pigment and to clay. The principles which underlie them, guided by taste will solve those problems which the Man in the Street places before us. For he has taste too, and he asks you to gratify it. It is not a sure taste, as yours should be, conscious and trained and educated. It is a primitive sort of instinct to be led, persuaded and above all, fed. It is not limited to columned piles or pictures or to sculptured stone, but it finds its seat in every setting and in every object with which the Man in the Street is brought into relation. It is never separated from him, from the moment he opens his eyes in the morning to the time he closes them at night. You have but to follow his peripatetics to enumerate them; the walls of his room, the carpet, the furniture, the textiles of the hangings, the glass, porcelain and silver ware of his table, the street with its pavement, lamp-posts, hydrants and letter boxes, the vehicles which pass him by; and so on to his place of business with all the implements of its daily routine; and when the day of cares is over those thousand and one things in which he may seek recreation.

It is in all this where the artist may help the Man in the Street, where he does help him in other lands, but where here, he leaves him in the lurch.

Do not for one moment suppose that in the older countries of Europe artists confine their efforts to painting pictures and modelling groups of statuary. You surely know the charming unsigned frescoes and sgraffitti which for centuries have rendered gay the interiors and exteriors of Italy and Switzerland; our museums contain the

exquisite rugs of the Orient and of the Gobelins, the masterpieces of Chippendale, Ducerceau and Riesner we see there too. Do you suppose it was mere craftsmen who executed these? Was William Morris less of a master because he designed stuffs and letter-type; was John Worth not an artist because it was on costume design that he laid the foundation of a great industry. Have you never heard of Lalique and his wonderful glass, nor of Solon and his collaborators at the porcelain manufactory of Sevres? And the gardeners of streets across the sea, and even the art in pebbled and sanded parterres or the tessellated pavements of arcades? The lampadaires of Carpeaux, have you never seen them, and have you never heard of the daily pageant of the Avenue des Acacias or Hyde Park in the days when carriages and their appointments were the pet ostentation of the rich?

Now do you realize, you, who limit your vision and constrain your gestures to a painted canvas or a mound of clay, hoping that some day you may emulate the style of a bygone master, or attract attention by some new and, to judge from the modern tendencies, hideous version of an old song, do you realize that the Man in *our* Street looks on, as on some great exotic luxury, these pleasant things which so easily are done in other lands?

Do you know that artistic porcelains are produced here only in infinitesimal quantity by a few amateurs, that table glass is all imported, that workers in mural and plaster and pavement decoration are brought over from Italy, that whatever decent furniture we have is cribbed, that only within the year have we begun to produce textiles of artistic design, mere reproductions of museum pieces? The same is true of every article of daily use. We possess virtually no designers!

What is needed of designers is taste, that aesthetic conscience which tells us what is good and what is bad; with some people it scarcely exists. With others it is of extreme sensitiveness. It is the privilege of the artist to develop this conscience with perfect sincerity and to use it as a criterion in his work; here lies one of the chief distinctions between the artist and the craftsman, and it is above all else the mis-

sion of the art school to stimulate this development.

Now, this is a school of art, and I believe it to be so, in its broadest sense, a school where the principles of construction and color and form are taught to be applied with taste to what you will. It is not a craft school where one is taught *how* to turn out a post-office or a suburban cottage, a portrait or a landscape.

And so I have come here tonight to plead the cause of the Man in the Street. Today he is the man in the fight, and each hand of our thousand-armed divinity has left its symbol at rest and now holds a bayonet, a rifle or a sword; and no doubt many of you here will soon lay aside your

pencils and your scalpels and your brushes to take up the weapon that is to win.

But you and they will return to our streets again, and while in your quiet studio you then evolve the precious works destined for those who to the inner brotherhood belong, and to whom your subtleties are sweet, remember that there is a still broader scope for the principles you have learned here and for the taste which here you have made your own. Remember that art has a field broader than that of the connoisseurs' gallery, and that with your knowledge of technique and your trained taste you hold a magician's wand which makes weeds bloom and turns into jewels the pebbles of the shore.

GERRIT BENEKER'S LABOR POSTERS

THE Administration's appeals to the people of America to give their dollars, to conserve food, to supply hospitals and libraries, have been made through the medium of pictorial posters and through this same medium the message of "Work or Fight" has been carried directly to the masses of laboring men.

The Navy Department has erected within the last four months a series of huge office buildings for the Army and the Navy in Potomac Park at Washington. Approximately 3,500 laborers were employed on this big job. Fully half of that number were unskilled, many would drop off week by week and their places filled by new recruits. To help keep the men interested, to show them the value of their work as a national asset, to preserve patriotism generally through the medium of art Gerrit A. Beneker early in June was employed by the Navy Department as "Expert Aid" in connection with this work. He was given a small studio specially constructed, supplied with materials and told to go to work.

The result is six striking posters emphasizing to the laboring man the value of his work and bringing to his attention the fact that he too is enlisted in the army

of fighters—is helping in short to win the war. Not only did Mr. Beneker make these posters which were issued as supplements to the paper *The Mixer*, printed on the work, but he made drawings of the working men and illustrations for the weekly paper. He mixed with the men, he let them see him at work, he got as close as possible to their viewpoint and the result was all that could be desired.

In an interview recently issued by the U. S. Department of Labor, Mr. Beneker is quoted as having said: "We have awakened a real spirit of patriotic cooperation among unskilled labor. If this same spirit is felt all over America, how much more smoothly and rapidly will similar great Government contracts be completed.

"I believe that such a spirit can be awakened by appealing directly to the *heart and soul* of the worker; but how is this appeal to the worker's spiritual self to be made?

"In these days of turmoil, haste, and speed, the ordinary individual, and particularly the laborer, has not time to stop and read lengthy editorials and articles, even if he had the inclination. I believe that the appeal can be done through art. A picture or a poster appeals, first to the

eye, and then (if it is destined to accomplish its end) it awakens in the workingman something which prompts him to strive and improve.

sible to maintain and increase the highest morale among the lads of our Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Now the workingman is just as important a factor in the winning



A POSTER

BY GERRIT BENEKER

"Art is the universal language, which anyone who can see can understand, irrespective of race, tongue, or creed. It's a fact that seventy per cent of our education comes through the eye.

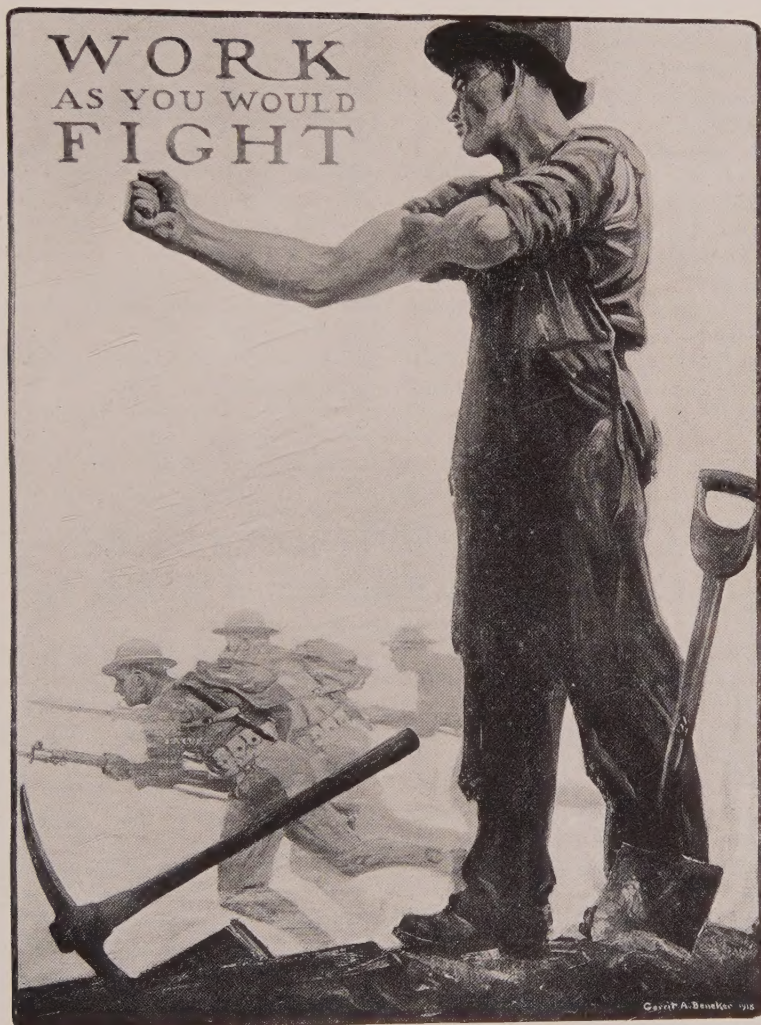
"We have done a great deal to get behind the fighting man and fighting forces, and we have done everything pos-

of the war as the soldier and the sailor. We are not going to succeed with him to any great extent until we *get back of him*. One way we can help him is through the artist's brush. It takes times like these to bring out the best in art—to make it really mean and accomplish something."

Mr. Beneker was particularly fitted for

this work. "All my life," he says, "I have studied the industrial figure. I have spent hours—days, weeks—climbing over skyscrapers and bridges of New York City—

struction of the new War and Navy Building in Washington, but this is just an opportunity of showing what might be done in portraying every line of industry



A POSTER

BY GERRIT BENEKER

into steel and all forms of industrial plants, to study the workingman at work. If we wish to appeal directly to labor, we have got to picture the laborer himself, and in such a way that the poster will touch the soul of Labor.

"At present, my efforts are limited by posters of workmen employed in the con-

in our country. I want to put the human appeal in my posters. I should like to paint a portrait-poster of the heroic figure of a giant riveter who has established a world's record in the number of rivets driven in a day; I want to go into the coal mines, the steel plants, the munition works, the lumber camps, live with the workmen,

be one of them, feel their emotions, know, and paint them.

"A poster should be a sermon in lines and colors. Its results are not directly obvious, no more so than the results of an inspiring sermon from the pulpit; but results in both are obtained, even if we can not see them immediately.

"There is every facility for working here in Washington; there is every type of worker under the sun, and so far I have had no one refuse to pose—which isn't the easiest work in the world by a long shot; especially when it is necessary to hold a sledge hammer aloft for any length of time.

"There are some of the finest, healthiest, brawniest, and brainiest specimens of workingmen here on this great job, that there are anywhere in the world; I have

but to go out in the yard and pick my type.

"I am working with the best that is in me, trying to 'put over' to the workingman the fact that the Nation is relying upon *his* efforts to the same extent as it is relying upon the efforts of the brave lads in France, and therefore he should take an absorbing pride in his labor, and put into it—not only the strength of his hand—but his whole heart and soul."

Two of Mr. Beneker's posters are reproduced herewith. The reproductions are obviously inferior to the originals, lacking color in which they are peculiarly strong and fine. The Navy Department had them reproduced in comparatively small size for distribution to the workingmen. The Labor Department is now considering the possibility of larger reproductions for wider distribution.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA

BY JAMES PARTON HANEY

Director of Art in High Schools, New York City

A RECENT letter in this magazine was addressed to the Art Teachers of America by Mr. Joseph Pennell. In this the writer takes a leaf out of the book of Jeremiah—covers his face with his mantle and utters loud cries. "Never" says he, was American Illustration "so commonplace," American Engraving "so artless," America's Posters, "so pitiful." We are "squandering \$12,000,000 a year on Art Education. If that is not one of the worst examples of graft in the country, what is it?" And—he concludes—"Already we are on the verge of extinction" as an artistic nation!

These cheerful remarks are in the way of directing the attention of our art teachers to their shortcomings, and of leading them firmly toward the light. But the difficulty is that the leader doesn't state the whole case, nor even fairly that part which he does state. He implies that these teachers are primarily to blame because of our lack of

Industrial Art Schools. This is neither wise nor fair.

It is unfair because the art teachers of the country are no more responsible than the art school janitors, and unwise because it fails to indicate where the true source of the difficulty lies. Difficulty there undoubtedly is, and no one will quarrel with our critic for his demand that industrial art education be given attention. But it serves no purpose to grasp the wrong sow by the ear and to administer general chastisement. Such vicarious atonement helps no one.

The trouble lies not with the art teachers. Numbers of them are acutely cognizant of our lack of industrial art education. Their association reports for the last decade emphasize this. Indeed one may go back for a generation and find in these transactions plea after plea for the training of the trade designer and the artist-artisan. Where then is the hitch? Why

have we not gone ahead and kept pace with our Continental competitors? The answer isn't as simple as my friend would seem to indicate.

In his animadversion he speaks of the graphic arts with emphasis. These to be sure, are important—yet—there are others. Over half a billion of dollars was spent on interior decorations during the last year, to say nothing of dress-goods, jewelry, china, glass, etc. All this material embraced form, color, and pattern, and primarily sold on the excellence of its design. The graphic arts form only a fraction of the art product of the country, and the difficulty complained of is one that touches all arts of design. We do teach the graphic arts ill. Mr. Pennell is absolutely right. But we teach the other industrial arts no better. Our training of designers in poster-making and illustration "is sadly to seek," but this is no more true for posters than for ceramics, stained-glass, textiles, jewelry, and fifty other art trades. Ours is a national shortcoming, but one for which no group of teachers can be held responsible. The difficulty lies deeper. It is dependent on economic conditions, which a glance at our industrial history will serve to make plain.

Boiled down to a paragraph, this history tells of a people in a new country who made their first great national advancement by virtue of their exploitation of natural resources. Our art industries developed slowly and practically always through the use of designers trained abroad. For a long time we were busy getting out raw material. We needed relatively few artist-artisans and immigration furnished them. We hadn't the schools to train them and Europe did it for us. So long as the supply was adequate, our manufacturers gave no thought to the future. They were content to fill their studios with foreign state-trained designers and when they needed more, sent over for them.

Note that word "state-trained." It marks another reason for our untoward condition. Abroad, ever since 1850, industrial art has been a matter of concern with every European country. The government of each, has been behind the movement to train industrial artists. State

subsidies have helped the schools. State scholarships have aided the students. Not so with us. Our government has never taken education under its wing. Even to this day it prefers to leave the training of its citizens to the individual states. We have a National Bureau of Education but no department. Agriculture has a secretary in the cabinet; not so education. Only within the last year has the Smith-Hughes law opened the way to governmental aid of industrial art teaching, and the results are still to come.

Thus foreign art schools have had an immense advantage. They have been fostered in a way impossible in this country. Even now, our city and state boards of education would, in the slang of the day, "never stand" for the expenditures which centralized governments think it wise to make. Where could one find a state in the Union willing to support a jewelry school with twenty instructors and but a few dozen students. Yet the writer has seen abroad, just such a one, and dozens more, highly organized, splendidly equipped schools, each with but a few score in attendance. We count our success in the number a school enrolls. But the talented are few. Abroad it is the product that counts—carefully selected, long held and impeccably schooled in craftsmanship. When we realize that designers thus trained cost money, but that it is to the state's profit to produce them, we shall have industrial art schools to compare with those abroad—and not before.

What is needed to bring about the result for which Mr. Pennell pleads, is not so much what he terms "a change of method"—as it is a change of philosophy. We must fundamentally change our ways of thinking about the training of those few in the community who are possessed of the gift of design. We must also change our ways of thinking about the industrial arts as something less than painting and sculpture—something which we may allow to struggle along, and like Topsy "jes' grow." We are now a great industrial country, but one without an industrial art. If the latter is to be—and it must surely be, if we are to hold our own—then all the forces which can aid in the development of constructive and applied design, must be

brought to bear. And of these forces the greatest resides in the manufacturer himself.

Here is the crux of the matter. Scolding the art teacher helps not at all. Aiding the manufacturer to see the problem in the broadest fashion cannot but better the situation. Once the latter understands that due to the war, his foreign source of supply is gone (for years if not forever) that he must have trained designers, and schools to do the training, he will then be prepared to do his share in advocating, instituting, and backing these schools. *And the schools cannot come into being until the manufacturing class grasp this idea and give this aid.*

Heretofore the manufacturer has been indifferent. Or, like Mr. Pennell, he has grumbled at the teachers for not doing that which teachers themselves could not and cannot do. Schools in a democracy like our own, are a reflection of the community. There is no state to shape them as abroad. With us the people are the state. When they want better schools, or different ones, they will have them, and not before.

Thus the great businesses which use the energies of thousands on thousands of workers must aid in their own artistic development. They have not done this before. They are not doing it now. At this very writing, one great industrial city is seeing its industrial art school close, while the manufacturers, who should be the first to interest themselves in its welfare, who should back it and direct it, are callous to its failure. They don't know what they don't know—and it's hard to help men so placed. Confession of sin is the first step toward salvation, and until those whose future is dependent on trained talent realize how they now sin toward that talent, there'll be no salvation—and no training. It's shocking shortsightedness, for economically one might think business men in every industrial art concern would see the writing on the wall. There are billions at stake—truly—not millions, but billions for this country, if it develops its industrial art talent, and with it trained to perfection, enters the markets of the world.

The manufacturer is—or should be—the natural supporter of the industrial

art school, for he comes most directly into contact with its product. Here enters another element of his responsibility. If he is to do his share he must arrange to take care of that product. That is, he must employ the graduate. His contact with the school must be intimate—immediate, for it will serve no end to produce designers, if there is not such connection between school and trade, that the trained student can secure a position and a livelihood.

Here offers an opportunity for the establishment of a plan long advocated by the writer, and one in part developed, in at least one New York City school. This may be called the "Trade Scholarship," and includes in briefest statement, a position for the industrial art graduate immediately on graduation, in a trade studio, which agrees to keep the student for a term on a living wage, with opportunity for early promotion if he—or she—"makes good." This trade apprenticeship of a few months, is an invaluable introduction to the world outside the school, for let the school do as well as it may, the actual experience of the shop is necessary to the learner's education. Here is the solution of a difficult problem, and one in which every manufacturer in the industrial arts may aid. We cannot repeat too often: He has a responsibility! He must aid! He must help to teach; for all the previous teaching has been in the way of helping him.

Scholarships the manufacturer must offer, and prizes and awards. Recognition the industrial arts now lack. The talented high school boy must be steered toward the art industries. Now he's steered away from them. Industrial art is as yet behind a cloud, if not under one. It is not looked upon as "a career." The fine arts are magnified. Mr. Pennell says, "There was never so much encouragement, so much support, given to art students" as at present. But he refers to painters and sculptors, not to industrial artists. There are one hundred prizes in the "fine arts," to one in the industrial arts. No wonder the young art student turns to paint and clay.

And our art editors, who ought to know better, aid to hypnotize the tyro. Pic-

tures and sculpture fill their front pages, while a niggard space is given to a bit of bookbinding, a tooled chalice, or a well wrought grille somewhere along toward the last folios and "Answers to Correspondents." Recognition is what the industrial arts need. They haven't had it in proper measure. We have beautiful type-face makers but who can name them? Who can recall an article that illustrated their delicate and complex art, and gave cordial appreciation to the artist? Similarly, we have fine bookbinders and ceramic workers known only to their intimates. And as I write, there works in New York City one of the most famous designers of printed textiles in all the world. Do art editors besiege him for interviews and examples of his delightful brush? No; not yet. The public is still fed on landscapes and portraits, and still more portraits and more landscapes, while one of our great silk houses is producing weaves and patterns that vie with the best Europe has to show. Does the public know of these lovely products of the loom? Are the manufacturers applauded and the designers warmed with the appreciation of the many? No; not yet! Little wonder then, that the industrial arts seem a barren field to the student who reads only of the clever "brush work" of Doe, or of the charming "compositions" of Roe.

There can be no art without an audience

which understands it, and sustains the artist. Appreciation of the industrial arts is essential to their development. Many can aid here. We must, to use an over-worked word, see a propaganda in behalf of the industrial arts. The daily press must help, for it, like the manufacturer, has a responsibility. The art press must help and every local society, every woman's club, every School Art League, and Art Trade Association. All must aid. "Art" once said Sir Purdon Clark to the writer, "needs a proper atmosphere before it can grow," and Sir Purdon meant all art and not that of the painter and sculptor. It is our appreciation that makes the atmosphere—warms it, gives it ozone.

Given the aids we have named, there need be no counsel of despair. Let's have no more insistence that we are on the way "to artistic extinction." We are not. Indeed we are rather at the beginning of an industrial art movement which is going to carry us far. Irresistable economic pressure is behind it. We are moving, if slowly. But we are moving. Public taste is getting better, public intelligence in art matters is keener. We have the talent, we have the industries and we have the market. All are necessary to success. And this success will come, give only that we have the faith to believe in ourselves, and to work together—always together—for our industrial advancement.

J. ANDRÉ SMITH—ETCHER

BY HELEN WRIGHT

ARTISTS in former great wars of history were interested principally in the pictorial and historical aspect of battles and battle scenes. In the early conflicts they painted great war pictures and were the designers of triumphal arches, monuments and pediments and later they were employed by publications as illustrators of war history in its making.

But the present war has found for them a new opening for their talents and uses them as special units in the regular service of the armies for specific work. This new field has also produced a new word for its

description, "camouflage" from the French verb, *camoufler*, "to disguise."

The weapons of these artist-soldiers, these "camouffleurs," are first their eyes, their knowledge of perspective, light, shade and color, then their brushes and all the paraphernalia that can be used in deception—landscape, trees, bushes, leaves, canvas and paint.

One of the first artists to volunteer his services to the Government, almost as soon as war was declared, was J. André Smith, the clever painter and etcher, who has been commissioned a Captain in the



LISEUX

COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

J. ANDRE SMITH

Expeditionary Forces and sent to France. Last winter he served as a first lieutenant in the Engineer Reserve Corps as a member of the Camouflage Unit at the University Camp just outside of Washington, D. C., of which Homer Saint-Gaudens, son of Augustus Saint-Gaudens was in command.

Mr. Smith writes in a most interesting and illuminating way on the subject in a recent number of the *Architectural Record*, in which he says that "Camouflage is the art of concealment, an old art reborn into prominence through extreme necessity. The screening of trench furrows with leaves and sod which was practiced in former wars is as true an expression of the art as is practiced today, where miles of roadways are sheltered by avenues of made-to-order trees, hedges and painted scenery. The Aeroplane driven by keen-eyed observers and equipped with all-seeing cameras has raised the art in equal proportion to the vastness and scientific ingenuity of the modern war game."

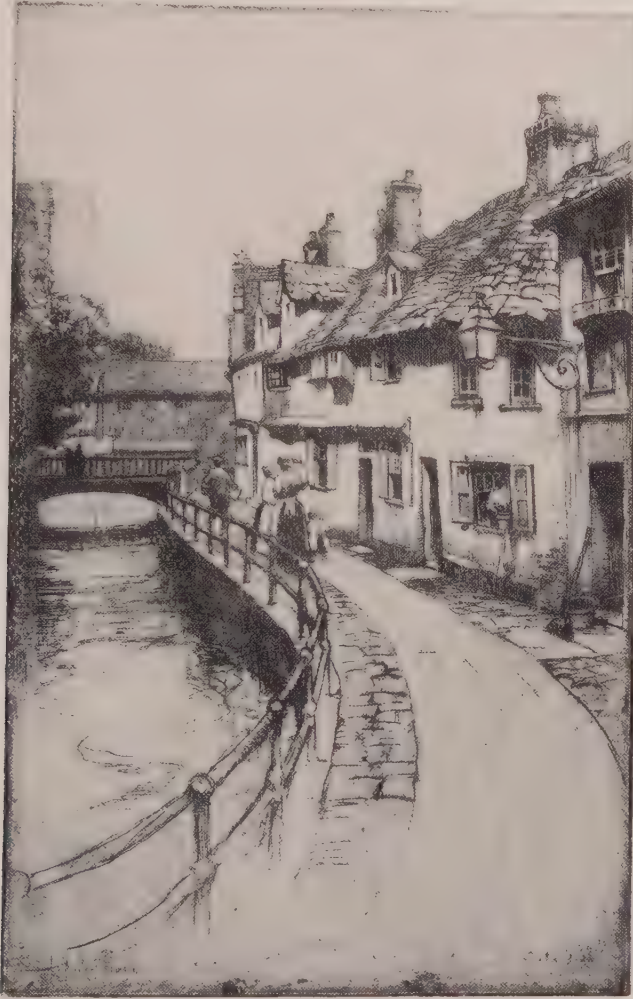
Mr. Smith says camouflage serves three

admirable purposes. 1. Concealment from the enemy. 2. The resulting protection of the men. 3. Increased efficiency of the men through the feeling of greater safety and the partial relief of mental anxiety. The long nervous strain, sometimes hours in a cold dawn, before the order comes to advance, may be somewhat relieved by the assurance of safety, or at least some degree of protection.

Mr. Smith feels that what the French were ingenious enough to invent, and the Germans to copy, the Americans ought to make a business—"not a cut-and-dried business, but one directed with level reasoning and touched with American humor and inventiveness. . . . The breaking of outlines with strange irregular streaking and blotches, confuses the eye. A gun painted in this way becomes a What-is-it? Painted in this way, sheds, tents and all the gigantic instruments of war are modest, shrinking deceptions. They seem to say "Tut, tut, don't look at me, I am nothing!"

There are factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of camouflage properties and materials. Reed and grass matting, miles of it—are made for screen-

but he has devoted recent years almost exclusively to etching and sketching. It is as an etcher we wish to speak of him, rather than as soldier or architect. His



OXFORD

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J. ANDRE SMITH

ing roads. It is strung on poles, forming a continuous shelter.

"The American camoufleurs are learning from the French and English, but with their wit and cleverness, perhaps they will be able to add something to the Art and enjoy fooling the Boche, in the same spirit, happily, seriously and brilliantly."

Mr. Smith is an architect by profession,

work shows the ready draughtsmanship of the architect and appreciation of the pictorial possibilities in ordinary scenes which we find more often in etching than in painting, or other mediums. But his scenes are far from ordinary, though he has taken the much painted, etched, drawn and photographed Italy for many of his plates.

But he has glimpsed for us the fasci-

nating places throughout the wide world, from New York, Connecticut, and Bermuda, to England, Ireland, France and Italy.

He writes that when he went to Venice he had the horrible feeling of "coming too

lovely, with a delicate, lace-like rendering reminiscent of Whistler, but quite independent and original in treatment, with perfection of drawing. As London involuntarily suggests Pennell, Paris, Meryon and Cameron, so Venice brings to mind



THE RIVA

COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

J. ANDRE SMITH

late." That every one had been in advance of him. He said that Whistler was everywhere, that if "one found anything at all worth doing, there was screaming into one's conscience a repeated protest against stealing his pet subjects." He adds: "I assure you it took considerable courage to withstand the impulse to flight . . . to tell them all to go hang and then settle down to see and work in one's own private way."

These Italian etchings are particularly

Whistler, since he was almost first to discover its etchable corners.

One critic writes that "one has only to examine the beautiful print of 'The Riva,' a subject immortalized by Whistler to see how completely Mr. Smith has made the scene his own. In its simple beauty of massed architectural lines, for which the arching bridge serves as a sort of pediment, it vies in interest with many a more pretentious print."

"Sunshine and Flowers" and "Ponte

Della Verona," show the picturesque canals and tiny bridges done with skilled touch and trained eye. In the "Campo Formosa," "The Molo," and "Towers and Domes," one distinctly feels the sunny, dreamy atmosphere, felt nowhere as in Venice, where the light, dazzlingly brilliant, is softened by the colors in sky, water and the houses of delicate pinks and creams.

In these plates Mr. Smith has made his drawings clear and distinct, with the least ink, yet his architecture is substantial as one who knows and understands the subject. He is entirely self-taught in this medium and he has mastered for himself the whole intricate process and has found out the most skillful and effective methods of biting the plate and printing from it.

When Oxford is mentioned one at once calls to mind Magdalen, New College, Oriol, or Trinity, with their lovely vine covered cloistered walls and quiet quadrangles. Only an appreciative artist with eyes alert for the quaint and unusual would find so charming a bit as the little crooked row of houses, upon the little crooked street in "Fishers Row."

"Lisieux" is a crowded market place in France, where venders with huge baskets stand beneath spreading awnings under the shadow of the cathedral. The houses have those delightfully irregular lines that are made for etchers and painters, not, possibly, for the comfort of the dwellers therein. "Inner-Gate, San Gimignano," a dry-point made in 1913 is fine and lace-like, the "Gate" with its curious superstructure above the narrow entrance is a filigree-like web of exquisite lines.

His lightness of touch so easily conveys the impression of sunlit courts and a kind of joyous abandon of these once care-free countries. His work has a personal flavor and distinction that sets it apart from most of the work being done today.

If one wants pictures of scenes nearer home, there are the "Connecticut Village," "New Haven Wharf" and the lovely "Cornwall Bridge"—all done in 1916, the last named—an old fashioned covered bridge across a pebbled stream, sunflecked and shadow-webbed.

They are the intimate beauties of our own country, revealing mastery of the

resources of Mr. Smith's art and his cleverness as a landscape etcher.

Then there are the dry-points "Village on the Somme" and Irish and English landscapes, farmhouses set in the moors with long stretches of country to a limitless horizon, unmarred by too much sky.

Mr. Smith's chalk drawings are unusually charming in soft delicate colors, showing the busy streets of New York as well as the lovely corners of the Park and its stately trees and the quaint old houses, "shelters of the poor."

Mr. Smith was born in Hong-Kong, China, in 1880. From 1887 to 1890, he lived in Germany. He resided for a time in Boston, but New York is now his home when he is in this country. He graduated from the Cornell College of Architecture in 1902, and was Resident Fellow in Architecture, receiving the 1904-6 Traveling Fellowship. He received the Gold Medal for etching at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. He is represented in most of the important collections.

His work abroad for the Government should be of great value and his drawings and sketches will be watched for with eagerness by his many admirers in this country.

Vacation Story Hours for children were conducted under the supervision of a School Committee of the City of Boston and the Boston Social Union at the Museum during the month of July. The children were brought in special cars from the various settlement houses and public playgrounds to spend about an hour and a half at the Museum under special guidance. They first heard an illustrated talk in the Lecture Hall, then were taken to the galleries to see some of the objects mentioned, and then returned to the hall to talk over what they had seen, were dismissed, each with a post card of some object spoken of. It is noteworthy that so interested became some of the children from the most congested districts of the city that they came again and again on foot when it was not their turn to come in the cars.



KATHERINE STONE MATHER

ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY

THE WAX PORTRAITS OF ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

IN Art, as in Religion, if a thing is heralded as new one may be very sure that it is old. The wax miniatures of Miss Ethel Mundy are a case in point. They represent, one would say, the latest bud of the modern tree; and yet this art of portraiture in colored wax was one of the full blown flowers of the Renaissance, its petals and its perfume being wafted wherever the northern invaders carried the spoils of their marauding wars.

The French work in colored wax, dating from the past centuries, is often powerful and good: French work is always charming and graceful. In England, the art was never popular, yet some of the English samples are of the rarest quality. Every truly representative art museum in

Europe has its case of wax portraits. The Metropolitan Museum in New York possesses a collection given by the mother of Clyde Fitch, the playwright, in memory of him. The finest private collection in America is probably that of Mr. Richard Hunt, the architect. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt owns some fine specimens, and individual examples of the art are prized as heirlooms by the surviving representatives of many of the old families of the South and East.

To Miss Mundy undoubtedly belongs the honor of transplanting this exquisite art to our shores, and of vivifying it by the wizardry of her fingers and the potency of her personality, into something unmistakably and beautifully modern—alive with the spirit of today.

During a *wanderjahre* in Europe, Miss Mundy, a trained artist and craftsman in many different fields, encountered the collection of wax portraits in the Cluny Museum, in Paris. They asserted a

mented in one way and another, finally enlisting the services of an expert chemist. The problem of color proved the most difficult, there being but a limited palette of permanent colors. Some colors which



ELIZABETH FRACKELTON

ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY

strange spell over her keen and impressionable aesthetic sense; she returned again and again to study them, fascinated by their fresh coloring and marvelous detail.

Fired by the desire to experiment on her own account, she bought a set of wooden modeling tools, and with material obtained from a London wax-seller, set to work. Failure dogged her footsteps from the first. She "boiled and cooled" and experi-

were all right used by themselves, were found in combination to act upon each other.

As a result of repeated experiments, she finally triumphed over her medium, and she is now in possession of a material which will stand any changes of weather without harm, in colors which are permanent, even though the red has to be imported from China. She makes her own

tools, whittling and filing them down to the needed shape, but her deft and delicate fingers are the tools which see the most service—nothing but the touch of pliant flesh can give to the wax its extraordinary

and old ladies, lend themselves to this medium with an especial grace. She does not limit herself to one general scheme of coloring and composition, but experiments endlessly, sometimes showing the head and



FAYETTE BROWN, JR.

ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY

fleshlike texture, making chubby cheeks look soft and round.

For Miss Mundy's best and most characteristic work is in the field of child portraiture. There is a reason for this, aside from the intrinsic charm of childhood. It is because the fresh flesh tints of children can be exactly rendered and reproduced in the colored wax. Also the faces—like carved ivory—of old gentlemen

shoulders, sometimes the torso and again the entire figure—even groups of figures. At times she restricts herself to a Doric simplicity, at times she gives rein to a Corinthian profusion of ornament. But always her designs are marked with an exquisite sense of pattern; they are always appropriate and in good taste.

So far as her style of work is reminiscent at all, it suggests Pisanello perhaps more

than any other master—for to the art of the medalist, this art is singularly akin. His trick of making the lettering an integral part of the design and of introducing appropriate and symbolic ornament is here

part, from a background of noble blue, containing appropriate lettering. White usually predominates in the dresses, and a touch of bright color is sometimes introduced—always the right one, always in



JOHN MARTIN TIMKEN

ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY

also.⁷ Although the melting grace of some of her baby faces is far removed from the austere and chiseled beauty of a Wedgewood medallion, the two are in other respects similar.

The accompanying photographs of characteristic examples of Miss Mundy's work give but an imperfect idea of the unique beauty of the originals. The fresh and rosy faces emerge, for the most

the right place, for her decorative sense is unerring. The medallion is usually set in a circular carved frame of yellow gold, and the wax protected by glass convexed after the manner of a watch crystal. The whole is redolent of a new, intimate, and charmingly personal kind of beauty, impossible to describe—free, yet firm; bright, yet not tawdry; feminine, yet not effeminate.



TO THE LAST DROP

AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

WAR PICTURE EXHIBITIONS

UNDER the direction of a Special Committee the American Federation of Arts has assembled a number of special war picture exhibits which it is circulating for the purpose not only of increasing interest in and appreciation of art, but also with the object of engendering patriotism and demonstrating the value of art as a medium of expression.

These exhibits include three sets of Joseph Pennell's war work lithographs, War Work in Great Britain; War Work in American munition factories, navy yards, military camps; and War Work in American industrial plants connected with food and fuel production; a set of 117 cartoons by Louis Raemaekers, lent by the Library of Congress; three sets of Lucien Jonas' series of 24 lithographs entitled "The Soul of France" showing war scenes in France interpreting the valor and

spirit of the French people, lent respectively by Mr. Charles Sabin of New York, Mr. Duncan Phillips of Washington and Mrs. Francis Rogers of New York; groups of French posters lent by Mrs. Fiske Warren of Boston and Mrs. Francis Rogers; groups of war lithographs by Brangwyn and Pryse lent by Mr. Spaulding and Mrs. Warren; American war posters issued under the auspices of the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information by the War and Navy Departments, Food and Fuel Administrations, Marine Corps, Ship-Building Corporation, Red Cross, Library Commission, Y. M. C. A., etc., etc.; foreign war posters lent by the Library of Congress; enlarged photographs of Cathedrals in the War Zone in France assembled by Prof. William H. Goodyear and lent to the Federation by the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and



TWO LETTERS

CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

Sciences, besides original paintings in oils, water color and other mediums by American artists.

The Federation is cooperating with the Mayor's Committee on Art and Decoration of the City of New York, under the direction of which a large exhibition of patriotic paintings, drawings and prints will be held in New York in November. This exhibition will be made up of a series of units such as groups of prints, lithographs, posters, etc., which at the conclusion of the exhibit in New York will be sent about the country by the American Federation of Arts.

The Federation has also arranged for

the exhibition of Mr. Blashfield's stirring painting "Carry On" in the several museums throughout the country during the coming winter.

Furthermore under its auspices a group of war pictures, among which are the two reproduced herewith, is being exhibited at the Tennessee State Fair.

In assembling these special war exhibits invaluable service has been rendered by Mr. Duncan Phillips, a member of the Special Committee, who has personally solicited and secured some of the most valuable of the loans. The generosity of those who have made the loans should also be gratefully acknowledged.



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"I WILL TELL NOTHING"

ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY

LUCIEN JONAS

THE HEROIC SOUL OF FRANCE

LUCIEN JONAS' WAR LITHOGRAPHS

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE series of lithographs by Lucien Jonas entitled "The Heroic Soul of France" are distinguished by an ardor of patriotism so passionate and intense that we are carried out of ourselves and privileged to share the artist's glow and glory of emotion. There have been French drawings of the war more powerful and more subtle and more clever. There have been few drawings more profoundly representative of the French nation in its present mood. The genius of the great Steinlen has been inspired by the suffering of peasant families, rendered destitute and homeless by war. Especially the helplessly old and young have fired his pencil to passions of indignant pity. Forain, the brilliant satirist, has developed a strain of strong invective which sears the fiendish cruelty of the enemy with an indelible brand, and which stings the apathetic into shame. Both Steinlen and Forain however, have remained, in a sense, the same artists they were before the war, more humane to be sure and no longer merely artistic or satiric, yet still preoccupied with their particular formulas for terse expression by means of tense unerring line. We marvel first and last at the skill of their drawing. They belong to the aristocracy of art and share its isolation. But Jonas, without their inspired economy of expression, with his more detailed descriptions of what he sees, represents that democracy of devoted Frenchmen whose idealism makes possible their glorious tenacity of purpose in their nation's great emergency.

The drawings of Lucien Jonas have drawn street crowds to shop windows, as more subtle drawings by Steinlen and Forain could never do. These pictures are apt to bring tears to the eyes, tears not of sorrow but of joy and pride, like the sight, in war time, of one's own flag, or the sound of one's national song. What matters it therefore, if they are flamboyant like the flag or sentimental like the

song? They are compounded of the heart-stuff of which people's prayers are made in times of need. This is the secret of their success with the French people today. Jonas explains to them their own fighting idealism.

He does more than that. He exultingly contrasts France with Germany. Look again at that drawing of the wounded French poilu facing the inquisition of two Prussian tormentors into whose camp he has come as prisoner. These beastly Prussians have been sure that the pistol held close before the French boy's eyes will force him to tell them what they need to know. The confident, leering grin has not yet faded from the old assassin's mouth. Slowly however, it dawns across the astonished face of the other officer that this French boy is made of some stuff unknown to German science, that he will actually invite death with a sneer rather than submit to Force. There is an equally incredulous surprise mingled with unspeakable scorn in the candid eyes of the handsome young poilu as he calmly says, "I will tell nothing."

This picture illumines the fundamental cause and the divine purpose of this war. These two philosophies which confront each other in this picture and find each other so incomprehensible have clashed on a world-wide field in a fateful contest to decide which one shall dominate the world—Brute Force or Godlike Spirit. It is one of the commonplaces of war that civilized soldiers regard heroic death as desirable and betrayal of trust as damnable and that seasoned soldiers cannot be swayed to treason by any gust of panic. But is it not well for us to be thrilled by a realization that our own boys are capable of making such a choice in emulation of their staunch Allies. The Jonas picture of this not at all uncommon incident thrills us as we need to be thrilled. Reading of it in print we might, but more probably



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"A VOLUNTEER"

ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY
LUCIEN JONAS

we would not, pause to reflect how close to God is man.

Another drawing by Jonas which will rank among the great records of this war is entitled "The Volunteer." A Captain of The Blue Devils has told his men that one of them is to be detailed for a desperately dangerous enterprise from which it is improbable that he will return alive. If he does, with his mission achieved, it may be he will receive the War Cross or the Military Medal. If he misses recognition and reward he will at least have the satisfaction of having done a feat worthy of the heroes of French history. In a "war of position" the opportunities for individual prowess are all too few and it is one of the real tragedies of the trenches that men with hearts steeled for deeds of heroic abandon must endure, with nerves taut to breaking point, the tension of physical fatigue in a cramped and helpless inactivity combined with the long suffering dread of being suddenly sniped or shelled. Such a call to definite and distinctive service as a perilous mission across "No Man's Land" to observe the enemy's position, brings to the Tommy or poilu a glad release. This is the big chance and with a bounding heart each man hopes to be chosen. In the Jonas drawing the men gather round their Captain, each urging, according to his temperament, his special fitness. The Captain, an ideal figure of a Frenchman, like a drawn sword of tempered steel, calmly surveys their enthusiasm and weighs their claims. We think he looks with special favor upon the stocky soldier who silently salutes as if he had been already chosen and knows himself fit for the exploit body and soul. Perhaps he has already been tested and trusted and does not need to urge his eagerness and his worth. All Americans should see this drawing as they rush to arms to complete the task for which these Frenchmen fought and died.

I might enlarge upon each of the drawings and tell how much I am moved by most of them but let them speak for themselves. They need no commentary. Only a few of them need explanation. Only one or two need apology, these being somewhat bombastic in tone and artificial in conception. One must notice that

Jonas is not incapable of making a typical sensation for the Salon. He is at his best when he is simplest and nearest to the great heart of the people whose soul he celebrates. His defects are what one would expect from an artist of his ingenuous sensibilities. In these very defects as an artist he shows nobility as a man and especially reveals the exalted mood of the French people today. Idealism so hard pressed, and so conscious, not only of its own vision, but of its own terrible effort, that it needs to draw upon the inspiration of its own glorious example to sustain its power to preserve to the end, that as I understand it is the secret of the splendid tenacity of the French. And Jonas has more perfectly expressed this state of mind than any other artist whose genius has been unfolded by the war.

That he was indeed unfolded by the war will be one of his distinctions; he was comparatively unknown before 1914. Born in 1880 at Valenciennes he later was a pupil of art in Paris under Bonnat. He won a medal in the Salon of 1911. His drawings have been more popular as illustrations than for their intrinsic qualities as art. Today, however, we are not only grateful for the emotional expression, so ardent and so intimate, which he shares with us but we admire the technical means whereby he moves our hearts. The drawing is of emotion all compact. It possesses in one or two compositions qualities of inspiration. Just as the Hollander Raemackers was developed by the war to prosecute with pent up passion the criminal among nations, defending the conscience of all civilized people everywhere, and just as the artistic aspects of the war in mass and silhouette in figure and landscape, have been vividly recorded for the ages in the virile drawings of Spencer Pryse and C. N. W. Nevins—so the heroic soul of France brought Lucien Jonas out of mediocrity into flashes of greatness. He has made many posters, official portraits and sketches in his capacity as official artist at the front, and most of them have been perfunctory and uninspired. But when his themes have called upon him to express the simple grandeur and nobility of the French character under stress of terrific ordeals he has risen to the heights of his opportunity.



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THE BLIND CHAPLIN AND THE PARALYZED SOLDIER

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LUCIEN JONAS



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THE BLIND

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THE SENTRY

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THE PERMANENTLY DISABLED

ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY

LUCIEN JONAS

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A PLEA FOR ART

Sent out by "The Beachcombers" of
Provincetown, Mass.

This war is, above all other wars in history, a struggle between conflicting cultures, conflicting philosophies, faiths, ideals. And not the least of America's contribution to the common cause, we believe, has been the adequate visioning of that fact. It is a war in which men and material remain of tremendous importance, as always; but to a degree which the world has never before been given to see it finds itself resolved into a struggle between the strengths of contending *morales*.

And recognizing this fact, it becomes important to understand of what stuff the *morale* of a nation is made. The *morale* of a nation draws its being and its strength, we conceive, not so surely from the weight of its yearly crops, the length of its railways, the bulk of its mills, or the stability of its banking system, as it draws its strength and being from precisely these impalpable and evanescent properties of the nation—its great, common, unifying and nourishing traditions—to which the arts alone give enduring form, and which the arts, and the arts alone, are capable of handing down from generation to generation of a nation's life.

The world has stood amazed and reverent

before the spectacle of the spirit of France. And perhaps in no other one people are we able to see so clearly and closely joined, in cause and effect, the thing of which we have been speaking. For the spirit of France today is a naked thing, and in it we see plainly the stuff of its making—the common tales of the childhood of France, the old common songs that have bound her together, the proud common store of her monuments and memorials, symbols of a fine, fierce, ancient faith in the equality and brotherhood of man. France, of all modern nations, has loved her artists most dearly, understood them most deeply, and now the thing which they have created in love and understanding holds up the hands of France in the supreme hour of her need.

In America, by the very nature of the nation's growth, the diversity of its elements, the pressing physical need for conquering the continent, the arts have developed themselves at a price in courage and faith nowhere else exacted of them. American art has at once the most difficult duty and the most magnificent opportunity the world has yet seen. For if we are a nation, yet we are not, in a certain sense, a people. We come from many lands and many stocks; we speak a multitude of tongues; we bring with us, inevitably, a diversity of faiths and aspirations, and of the songs and pictures and legends which they bear, and from which, in turn, they are reborn. And until the day when American art, at work through a multitude of men, clear-eyed and faithful to the thing they see, has achieved for us a fabric of native tradition woven from all these scattered threads of race and faith—until that day we shall not find ourselves, in the deepest and truest sense of the word, a people.

And so we ask that even in this heavy hour of war the line of creative art in America be not altogether broken. We know that the artists of America are as eager as are any men to serve their country to the last thought and the last blood; that they have answered and are yet answering the call with a magnificent faith; that those who are fitted to give are giving the best in them, not alone in those services for which their training has

peculiarly adapted them, but also on the sea and in the trenches. Those who can be used in the direct and actual processes of war desire ardently to be taken. But to those of them who are left we ask that it be given to carry on as best they can under the natural burdens of the time, until the day of victory, of peace, and of the rebuilding of the world.

It would seem unfortunate, indeed an ironic turn of destiny, if in the hour when France and the allies of France burn with a consecrated anger at the outrage of her ancient treasures of art, when embattled Italy makes something akin to a sacrament of the protection of those carved and painted cities which have made her great, America the Nation of many Nations should not do her uttermost to cherish the one thing which has the power to give to her people the spirit and racial unity of a great tradition.

WILBER D. STEELE,
MAX BOHM,
A. E. MILLER.

Provincetown, Mass.

In a report by Consul General George Horton at Saloniki, Greece, it is stated that on July 18th, 1918, the principal military authorities, the consular corps, and others were invited to the Government building by the Greek Governor general of Macedonia to examine the plans of rebuilding Saloniki which had been prepared by various French architects. A lecture in French was given and the plans, which were hung on the walls, explained. This plan covers a large burned area and includes the usual downtown business buildings as well as a residence section. The old Byzantine monuments of the city, such as churches, etc., some of which are of great historical interest which are especially marked on the plan, will be left intact and measures taken for their preservation.

The plan includes the building of a university and other seats of learning, recreation parks, and a long walk and drive on the sea front. The plans will probably not be executed until after the war.

NOTES

ABOUT
CHICAGO
ARTISTS

Lorado Taft has shipped his Loyalty Fountain to Denver for unveiling early in the autumn. The work was done in the Midway studios, Chicago. The design includes a central figure, "Colorado" bearing the shield of the State, and three accessory groups, all colossal figures. "Patriotism" is the Knight inspired by woman, "Education" a female figure instructing children, and "Love" the maiden with her lover. The groups employ gray Colorado granite and bronze effectively. The fountain is the gift to Denver from Joseph Addison Thatcher and has a site calculated to display its artistic values. As a whole the work is impressive, a common feeling uniting the figures in a beautiful composition.

Frederic C. Hibbard's statue of Dr. Greene Vardaman Black was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago, late in the summer. The figure in green bronze is seated on a bench of Georgia marble backed by shrubbery, and faces south. Dr. Black is known as "The Father of Modern Dentistry." The memorial was erected by the National Dental Association and the Canadian body which met in conference in Chicago.

The sculptors of Chicago are unusually active both in commissions for memorials and public works, and their service to the nation. With Pompeo Coppini as chairman, the Western Society of Sculptors is to erect an Honor Memorial in Grant Park in which many sculptors will take part. A tablet area will be used for the names of soldiers and sailors killed abroad during the war. The design is under process of construction.

Men and women painters from Chicago at Provincetown, Mass., and at Taos, New Mexico, for the summer, reported that the major share of their time was given to war work in art. At Provincetown the painting of range finding landscapes under the direction of the Salmagundi Club of New York was a feature. At Taos, Miss Harriet Blackstone reported that the leading artists gave their service to similar work for Camp Funston. In the Fine

Arts Building, Chicago, a number of the workers in the studios are engaged in the invention of landscape in France and in "camouflage" painting. The summer and autumn of 1918 will be memorable in the history of American art for the enterprise of painters to aid in fighting the great war.

Ralph Clarkson, the portrait painter, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

Oliver Dennett Grover painted the portrait of Adjutant Starback of the Salvation Army on his visit to Chicago.

Miss Matilda Vanderpoel of the Art Institute organized an out-doors art school at Beverly Hills for the summer and early autumn, for parents and children. Sketches were made of the fields, the flower gardens and picturesque landscape. The exhibit is commendable.

The Saugatuck Summer School of painting in Michigan under Frederick Frary Fursman was well attended by artists from many places in the midwest.

Under the direction of the National Bureau of Pictorial Publicity, Oliver Dennett Grover, Chairman of the local section, painters of the Chicago Society of Artists and others not hitherto identified have risen to the demand for art in war time. Mr. Grover has received many poster designs advertising war activities, the Savings Campaigns, Saving Food, the Red Cross and the Salvation Army efforts. It will be noted that the posters of Chicago artists are being printed in Washington for distribution. Many accepted by the jury are going the rounds of the exhibitions. The response to war work on the part of the artists is whole-hearted.

About twenty former students of the Art Institute are in the Camouflage Section at Camp Rockford, Ill. These young men have exhibited examples of their art to deceive the enemy in the Public Library at Rockford under the auspices of the Rockford Art Association.

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Frederick M. Grant and a body of young painters are in the art group. A gallery was founded at a Y. M. C. A. hut, and over a score of paintings of considerable value have been presented by Charles Hallberg, the marine artist, and Miss Mabel Key, who is a painter of decorations.

A NEW ORGANIZATION

A new organization entitled "The National Association of Decorative Arts and Industries" has been formed. This is the outcome of the Industrial Art Exhibition held by the American Federation of Arts at the National Museum at Washington in May, 1915.

One large room was set aside at that time for an exhibition of American industrial art. The room was completely furnished, each exhibit placed in the environment for which it was originally intended and made a part of a complete unit. The furniture was gathered by Mr. Henry W. Frohne, Editor of *Good Furniture Magazine*, and arranged by Mr. William Laurel Harris, the well known mural painter and writer on the decorative arts.

So successful was this practical lesson in home furnishing at the National Museum that during the autumn of the same year Columbia University, New York, invited *Good Furniture Magazine* to arrange a similar exhibit on a larger scale in its Avery Hall. This exhibit was open to the public during December 1915, and January 1916. It embraced "the commercial products of forty-five manufacturers of home furnishings and was memorable as the first attempt to ally an industrial art display with the educational activities of one of our greatest universities."

The next step was the arrangement of a more permanent though shifting exhibition of the same type in Grand Rapids.

This brought the matter directly to the attention of the Federation of Furniture Manufacturers and led to the calling of a National Allied Home Furnishing Industries Convention at the Hotel Astor, New York City, April 17th, 1917. The attendance at this convention was something over 300. An Organizing Committee was appointed and the National Association of Decorative Arts and Industries was the outcome. Chapters of the Association are to be established in every city, where the merchants, decorators and manufacturers, women's clubs, betterment societies and libraries may cooperate with publishers and museums or art associations, to stimulate local sentiment and civic pride in the subject of better home furnishing.

The Association will furnish these chapters with lectures, museum and merchandise examples, advertising literature and other material and information for educational purposes.

The active membership of the Association is composed of manufacturers and publishers, wholesale dealers, manufacturers and trade associations, retailers and decorators, individuals and associations.

THE GALLERY-ON-THE-MOORS The Third Annual Exhibition of paintings, sculpture and drawings, was held in the Gallery-on-the-Moors, East Gloucester, Mass., August 15th to September 5th inclusive.

Seventy-seven paintings by well known artists, the majority of whom have summer studios on the north shore of Massachusetts, were most attractively set forth. Charles Hopkinson's charming painting of his little daughter painted against the snow back-ground, which received the portrait prize at the Pennsylvania Academy some years ago, held a conspicuous position on one of the side walls. To the left hung a striking winter picture by E. Ambrose Webster. Jane Peterson, Irma Kohn, Henry B. Snell and Dixie Selden showed typical Gloucester scenes. There was a large and impressive landscape by Carl J. Nordell, two noteworthy paintings by Felicie Waldo Howell shown in the National Academy of Design's most recent Exhibition, besides most memorable figure paintings by Cecilia Beaux, Adelaide Cole Chase, Eben Comins, Jean Nutting Oliver and others. The exhibition was colorful, varied in character and exceedingly well hung, the best of the several interesting displays shown in this attractive Gallery.

Among the sculptors exhibiting were Louise Allen, Albert Henry Atkins, Richard E. Brooks and Anna V. Hyatt.

Notable among the etchings, drawings and illustrations was a group of Gloucester scenes, lithographs by Childe Hassam.

The Gallery-on-the-Moors, built after designs by and under the direct supervision of Ralph Adams Cram through Mr. and Mrs. William Edwin Atwood's munificence, has become not only a center of art activity but for patriotic war work. On the moors adjacent was held on a bright

sunny afternoon in August, a Greek Harvest Festival, arranged and successfully carried out by a group of artists of which Louis Kronberg was chairman, Miss Lucy Conant, Mrs. W. E. Atwood, Miss Anna Seaton-Schmidt were moving spirits. Through the medium of this festival a sum considerably over \$2,000 was raised for French wounded, refugees and orphans and impoverished artists.

In this little Gallery, which is both gallery and playhouse, have been given during the past season two series of little one-act plays by a group of Community Players. Besides all which it has been the scene more than once of interesting gatherings of those on the North Shore interested in the fine arts and eager to aid in the raising of beneficent war funds.

OKLAHOMA ART EXHIBITION

During the past spring the University of Oklahoma at Norman held its third Annual Exhibition of the Art of the Southwest, an exhibition that would do credit to a much larger and older organization. Mr. Oscar Jacobson, through his spirited and untiring efforts, has made the University one of the centers of art in the Central West.

The principal interest, as in nearly all Southwestern exhibitions, centered around the paintings of Birger Sandzen, who was represented by five landscapes and a still life in his masterful style.

Mr. Jacobson exhibited five paintings of the West, principal of which were his fine canvases, "Shasta, California," and "In the Bitter Roots." He loves the big broad spaces of the West and is at his best when interpreting them.

From Chicago came Albert Krehbiel's two finely handled snow paintings and two interesting canvases by Raymond Johnson, whose "Irony" was very forceful and well handled.

An interesting group of paintings was sent by several men of the New Mexico group including Sheldon Parsons, William P. Henderson, Herbert Dunton, Bert Phillips, Gerard Cassidy, Ralph Myers, and Carlos Viera. There were also several representations by other painters of Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas and Louisiana.

All in all, it was a very successful ex-

hibition and marked another step in the steady progress of the art of the West. Two paintings were purchased for the University's permanent collection; a delightful "Still Life" by Anna Keener and the "Irony" by Raymond Johnson.

NATIVE
AMERICAN
ART

Miss Ruth C. Kelsey of Ann Arbor, Michigan, daughter of Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, former President of the Archaeological Institute of America, has been appointed Fellow in Native American Art and Drama in the School of American Research at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

She has for some years specialized in the history of art and drama and has been a leader at the University in all the student activities in dramatic work and pageantry. Her first undertaking was a thorough field study of the Pueblo ceremonies, beginning with the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo, August 4th, and will continue until all the summer and winter ceremonies have been recorded. The rituals, music and dances will be studied and arranged with special reference to use in pageantry and in the public schools. Similarly she will engage in research in Mexico, folklore music and miracle plays, especially as to their form and development in New Mexico.

"The establishment of this Fellowship," says *El Palacio* the journal of the Museum of New Mexico, "is due to the continual demand upon the School of Research and Museum of New Mexico for this material in shape for public use. The great wealth of Indian music, art, drama and symbolism and its value for educational purposes has come to be generally recognized, but the utilization of it has been impossible because of lack of arrangement of the material, even when understood. Thus also in Los Pastores, the Penitente songs, the folk dances and music of the Spanish people in New Mexico is a veritable mine for fine material to supplant the German folk songs and dances which have been the rule instead of the exception in the public and other schools in America. This utilization and adaptation of this American material will be made the definite task of the School in Santa Fé and

the one to which Miss Kelsey will devote herself. Director Hewett personally conducted a small group of members of the Archaeological Societies in the study of the Indian ceremonies through the summer.

ART IN
NEW MEXICO

Members of the Taos Society of Artists have painted fifteen range finders, 50 x 70 inches in dimensions, for the use of the army at Camps Funston and Cody. The work was done under the direction of Ernest L. Blumenschein in Mr. Harwood's large studio. The artists contributing were, Gus. Baumann, O. E. Berninghaus, Harriet Blackstone, E. L. Blumenschein, Paul Burlin, Ethel Coe, W. H. Dunton, Leon Gaspard, Lee Hersch, Bert Phillips, J. H. Sharp, J. Younghunter and Walter Ufer.

The Taos Society of Artists held its Fourth Annual Exhibition at the Art Galleries of the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fé from July 30th to August 31st. This exhibition comprised approximately 50 paintings. The contributing artists were: O. E. Berninghaus, W. Herbert Dunton, Julius Rolshoven, E. I. Couse, E. L. Blumenschein, Bert Phillips, J. H. Sharp, Walter Ufer and Victor Higgins.

E. Irving Couse of New York, is President of this Society, O. E. Berninghaus of St. Louis, the Secretary. The other members are: J. H. Sharp, Bert Phillips, Walter Ufer, Victor Higgins, Julius Rolshoven, W. Herbert Dunton, and E. L. Blumenschein, who is an associate member of the National Academy. Couse and Blumenschein are New Yorkers; Higgins and Ufer are from Chicago; Rolshoven is from Detroit and Florence, Italy; Berninghaus from St. Louis; Sharp divides the winters between Pasadena and Crow Agency, Montana, while Dunton and Phillips reside at Taos the year around.

At the same time that the exhibition was held, pictures of Mission Churches and Pueblos by Carlos Vierra were shown in the Reading Room.

In the Laguna Gallery were exhibited water colors by William H. Holmes, Curator of the National Gallery, Washington, D. C.; miniatures by Miss Eva Springer; marines by Carlos Vierra; as

well as other paintings of scenes in the vicinity by Sheldon Parsons, J. H. Sharp and others.

In the Acoma Gallery, Santo Domingo alcove, were Colorado landscapes by Birger Sandzen, wood cuts and lithographs.

Eight terra cottas of Hopi subjects by Emry Kopta, two bronzes by Frederic Remington, and "The Cave Woman" by Miss Farnum, were likewise included in this exhibition.

CONCERNING LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE

The Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation in the Department of Labor in Washington, through the cooperation of the School of Landscape Architecture at Harvard University, has established and will maintain a Special Reference Library. By request of the Bureau the University is placing at its disposal the resources of the special library of the School and the services of its Librarian, Miss Theodora Kimball.

The object is not to attempt a duplication of the valuable collection on city planning at Harvard, but to use the latter as a basis and so purchase only such material as must constantly be referred to. It will be furnished with catalogues, index references, copies, extracts, and summaries, made under the supervision of Miss Kimball, and will thus be subjected to only a few hours delay at most in the obtaining of necessary information.

The Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture for Women offers an intensive course in town planning and industrial housing, beginning in October, for advanced students only, to be conducted under the general direction of Professor James Sturgis Pray, Chairman of the Council of the School of Landscape Architecture, Harvard University. Professor Pray will be assisted by Messrs. Frost, Blaney, Mower, and Hamblin of the staff of this school.

According to Landscape Architecture, the Pacific Coast Chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects was organized May 24th, 1917. Curiously enough the first meeting was held in Washington, D. C., where many members of the National Society are at present engaged in war work. The officers elected are: President,

W. D. Cook, Los Angeles, California; Vice-President, Stephen Child, San Francisco, California; Secretary-Treasurer, E. T. Mische, Portland, Oregon.

THE ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT OF WASHINGTON The Federal Commission of Fine Arts has just issued its Annual Report covering from June 30th, 1916, to January 1st, 1918. It is in every sense an interesting and important document and one in which all citizens of the United States who realize their joint ownership in the National Capital should take both interest and pride.

Not only is this pamphlet of 68 pages a record of work done but a guide for future development. The Art Commission with wise forethought has looked ahead and made recommendation with regard to the design and emplacement of additional permanent public buildings as well as future park development.

The illustrations embrace a photograph of the Dupont statue in Dupont Circle, Washington, which by permission of Congress is being withdrawn and replaced by a beautiful memorial fountain designed by Daniel Chester French, sculptor, and Henry Bacon, architect, also illustrated. Another illustration is a picture of one of the Speedway Drives showing the river to the left, the Lincoln Memorial to the right and bordered by Japanese flowering cherry trees taken when these were in bloom.

AMERICANS BEAUTIFYING LEGHORN

The American building in foreign countries has not always been of such character as to engender pride. The temporary buildings put up in Sicily after the great earthquake, for the relief of the homeless Sicilians, have remained an eyesore in the land of beautiful architecture. It is very gratifying, therefore, to learn through a report issued by the American Red Cross at Washington, that during the past summer Americans have transformed an unsightly waste place almost in the heart of Leghorn into one of the beauty spots of the city. An American Red Cross is responsible for this good gift which takes the form of a building and park for war orphans. The artist's touch,

it is said, has given the place the character of an ancient monument. It is a one-story concrete building, of the seventeenth century Florentine style and the raw newness has been avoided by the use of so-called patine. The walls of the reception room are hung with good pictures, the new walls surrounding the garden are decorated with vases of flowering plants and vines.

It is good to know that we are helping to add some beauty to the old world which has lost so much in these past few years.

THE WADSWORTH ATHENAEUM AND ITS NEW CURATOR Mrs. Henri Leon Berger (Miss Florence V. Paull) Assistant in Charge of the Collections of Western Art in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has lately been appointed General Curator of Wadsworth Athenaeum, Hartford, Connecticut, and has now entered upon her new duties there.

The Wadsworth Athenaeum was erected in 1842 to house the Public Library of Hartford (then the Young Men's Institute) and the Connecticut Historical Society, as well as a collection of objects of art. The building has been enlarged by the addition in 1910 of the memorial to Samuel Colt, the inventor of the Colt revolver, and in 1913 and since of the Morgan Memorial, erected by J. Pierpont Morgan in memory of his father, Junius Spencer Morgan. Mr. Morgan deposited a number of works of art in the new building, and these were given to the Athenaeum by his son in 1916. The Athenaeum has received many objects from other sources, the collections now including, beside pictures and sculpture, furniture, tapestries, pottery, porcelain, glass, ivory and metal work. Two collections of scientific objects are also preserved in the Morgan Memorial, pending the erection of a museum of science in Hartford.

Mrs. Berger's years of service at the Museum were, as the *Museum Bulletin* says, an admirable preparation for the curatorship of the varied collection of the Athenaeum. The Catalogue of American Silver, published by the Museum in 1906, owed much to her cooperation, and the Catalogue of American Church Silver, published in 1911, was almost wholly her

work. Besides frequent studies in the *Museum Bulletin* on objects and collections in her care, including the Leslie Lindsey Mason Collection of Musical Instruments, Mrs. Berger has contributed to an understanding of the European and Moham-medan minor arts through many lectures in Boston and elsewhere, and through expert advice given by request of collectors and museums.

NEWS ITEMS

Announcement is made by one of our British contemporaries that Mr. Joseph Duveen, the well known art dealer, has offered to provide a gallery for modern foreign art in London in connection with the National Gallery of that great city. Mr. Duveen will provide the funds to enable the building to commence immediately upon the close of the war. The plans for the building are said to be already under consideration.

It is presumable that this Gallery will eventually be somewhat similar in scope to that of the Gallery of Modern Art at Venice.

The Seventeenth Annual Exhibition of pictures painted principally in Old Lyme and the surrounding country was held at the Public Library, Old Lyme, from August 17th to 25th, under the auspices of the Lyme Art Association. An admirable showing was made.

The Mystic Art Association held its Fifth Annual Exhibition at the Broadway School, Mystic, Connecticut, August 15th to 28th. Among the exhibitors were Arthur B. Davis, Paul Dougherty, Child Hassam, Willard Metcalf, J. Francis Murphy, and J. Alden Weir. The net proceeds of the exhibition were devoted to the Red Cross.

The Annual Exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association opened in July and continued until the last of August. It contained 141 works.

The Stockbridge Art Association held its Tenth Annual Exhibition from August 30th to September 15th. The Jury of

Selection consisted of Walter Nettleton, Clark G. Voorhees, Miss Kobbe, Miss Emmet, Daniel C. French and H. A. Lukeman. The exhibition was well up to the high standard set in past years.

An innovation in the character of awards distributed at art exhibitions has been introduced by Director Laurvik of the Palace of Fine Arts in the prizes given at the last Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. Instead of the usual medal Mr. Laurvik substituted a work in sculpture in bronze.

The work chosen was one of Arthur Putnam's animal figures, a plaque showing a small recumbent puma in full relief. On the base was inscribed the name of the artist to whom the award was given with the words, first, second or third prize.

Those fortunate enough to obtain this award of honor were Joseph Raphael, Armin C. Hansen, Anne M. Bremer, Godfrey Fletcher and Ralph Stackpole.

In connection with the New York International Exposition, the buildings of which occupy a site at 177th Street and Bronx River, an exhibition of paintings, sculpture and crafts-work was opened on September 4th.

For the exhibition of sculpture a formal garden was provided in which it could be shown in appropriate settings. One gallery is devoted to the exhibit of arts and crafts, comprising pottery, textiles, and other decorative works. One alcove is given over to works by the Painter-Graver Society, of which Albert Sterner is President.

Mrs. Henry Mottet, President of the National Society of Women Painters and Sculptors, was appointed Director of Fine Arts by the Manager of the Exposition and has associated with herself in this work H. Van Buren Magonigle, W. Frank Purdy, Albert S. Bard, McDougall Hawkes, Herbert Adams, John G. Agar, Maud M. Mason, Paul W. Bartlett, and John Barrett.

Over 400 paintings by French artists were exhibited at the Art Institute, Chicago, for the War Exposition in Grant Park during September.

There were over 2,500 posters sent in in the competition offered by the National Service Section of the U. S. Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation. The competition was open to artists, shipbuilders, industrial workers, soldiers, sailors and school children. The winners were as follows: Artists' Class—E. Hopper of New York; Soldiers' and Sailors' Class—Private William Andrew Loomis of the Camouflage Platoon; Shipbuilders' and Industrial Workers' Class—Arthur Hutchins of Boston.

In recognition of patriotism, proved by unflagging effort in shipyards, munition plants and factories engaged on Government contracts, a war industries medal is to be awarded to deserving civilian war workers. Jo Davidson of New York, has designed this medal.

The Peoria Society of Allied Arts wishing to assist in stimulating artistic endeavor in the State of Illinois will hold an exhibition of oil paintings by Illinois artists, in the city of Peoria during November.

The Third Annual Exhibition of Paintings by the artists of Chicago and vicinity, was shown by the Des Moines Association of Fine Arts under the auspices of the Greater Des Moines Committee, in the Gallery of the City Library, August 20th to October 20th.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PLEA FOR TECHNICAL ART TRAINING IN THE COLLEGES

To the Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART:

Has not Mr. Pennell's article in the August number of this magazine helped to throw light on the question so often asked, "What art should be taught in the college course?"

There is certainly need today of courses on the chemistry of paints, and the processes of reproducing illustrations and posters together with practical information on other branches of the graphic arts.

Both these subjects could be particularly well taught in colleges where there are already such good facilities for laboratory work and where both instructor and student would come to the work after other courses in chemistry.

At present the colleges tend to duplicate the work of the art schools. This is unfortunate, for with the limited time for art study at the command of the college student, neither can the in-

stitution often be proud of the work done, nor will the student have learned enough to be of much real value to him afterwards. Most students feel that they should not elect in college subjects that they can get as well or better outside. At present this scientific side of art study cannot be found in the art schools to any extent. They have no facilities for real laboratory work. No student is taught the source of his colors, to make or test his own paint, the permanency of one combination or another or an intelligent knowledge of mediums, varnishes and etching acids. Few student illustrators have ever even watched a drawing reproduced and practically none have ever tried to do it themselves. In a college laboratory the student could be given a course consisting of a series of experiments in the different processes used, together with valuable knowledge about all the substances employed.

Possibly teaching this work in a college may seem like putting the cart before the horse. The

college student does not yet do good enough work to have the permanency of his painting of any consequence. This is true. But this knowledge will be still his when his work is worth while and in those days he will be too busy and have no place to learn it. Besides the colleges are taking the largest share in normal art work, and through these teachers this scientific side of art study will be spread to very many places.

The classes should be of two kinds, those adapted to the ordinary college student, which should certainly count toward the degree, and those open to all artists who need this information. The latter type of class is especially needed in colleges located in large cities.

Special technical schools combining both art and the mechanical scientific processes connected with it are surely needed too, but our colleges should take their place as leaders in the chemistry of art as well as in the chemistry of food.

MARGARET AUSTEN RYERSON.

Bulletin

EXHIBITIONS

- NEW YORK WATER COLOR CLUB.** Fine Arts Galleries, New York. Twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition Nov. 1—Nov. 24, 1918
Exhibits received October 18 and 19, 1918.
- ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.** Thirty-first Annual Exhibition of American Oil Paintings and Sculpture Nov. 7, 1918—Jan. 1, 1919
Exhibits received prior to October 26, 1918.
- PHILADELPHIA WATER COLOR CLUB.** Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Sixteenth Annual Exhibition Nov. 10—Dec. 15, 1918
Exhibits received prior to October 17, 1918.
- PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS.** Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Sixteenth Annual Exhibition Nov. 10—Dec. 15, 1918
Exhibits received October 28, 1918.
- NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.** Winter Exhibition. Fine Arts Galleries, New York Closes Jan. 12, 1919
Exhibits received November 25 and 26, 1918.
- ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.** Fine Arts Galleries . . Feb. 1—Mar. 1, 1919
Exhibits received January 15 and 16, 1919.
- NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.** Ninety-fourth Annual Exhibition. Fine Arts Galleries, New York Closes Apr. 27, 1919
Exhibits received March 5 and 6, 1919.
- ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA.** Fine Arts Galleries, New York . . May 8—May 31, 1919
Exhibits received April 30, 1919.